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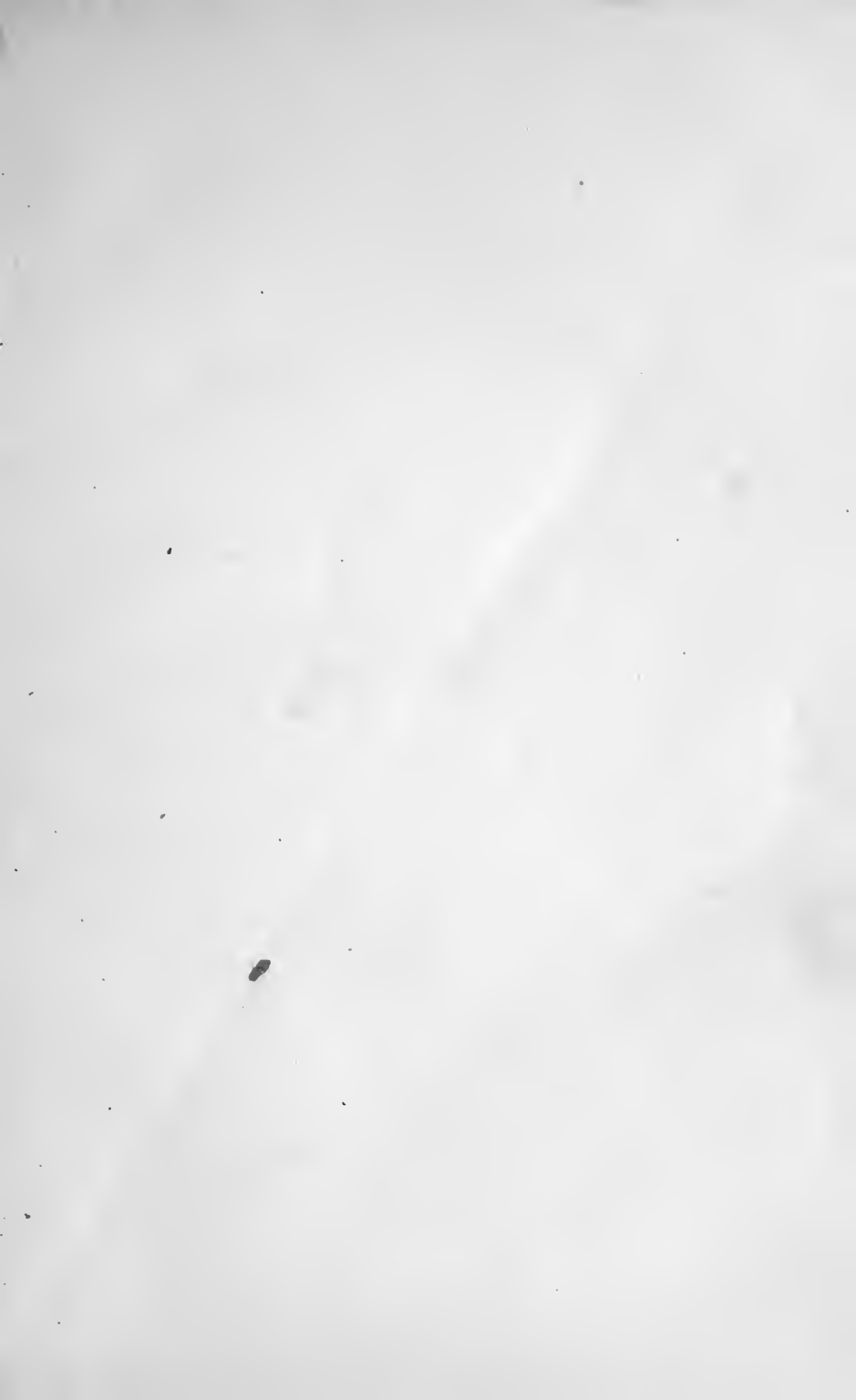
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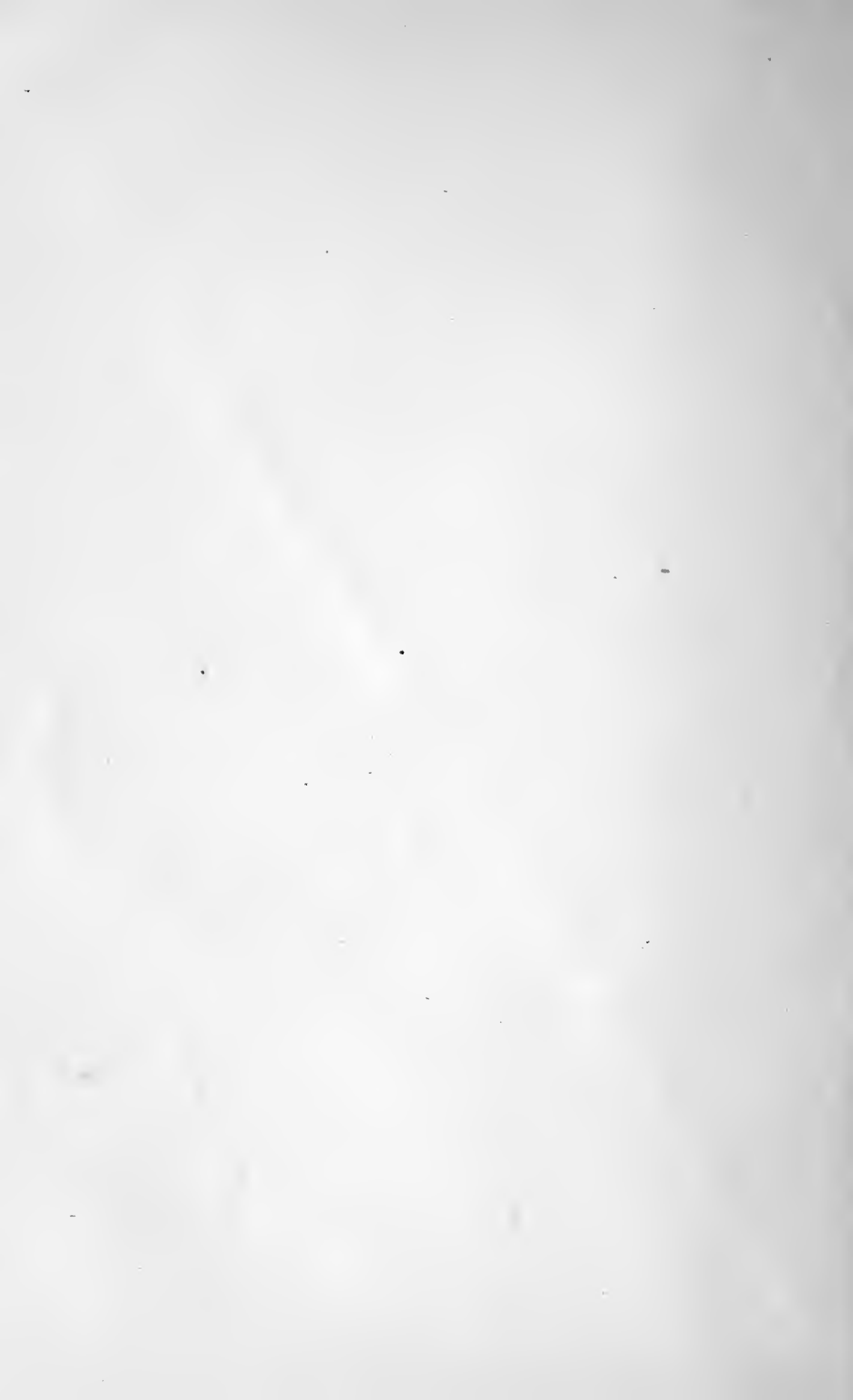
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





ENGLAND TO AMERICA

1876

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING



By W. J. LINTON

PRINTED BY
WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO., UNIVERSITY PRESS,
Cambridge, Mass.

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BY AN ENGLISH MEMBER.





ENGLAND TO AMERICA

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING

A HUNDRED YEARS!
Too long for memory of the justest feud!
Last century's quarrel to its end pursued
And yours the triumph, may not we grasp hands,
Now each one stands
 Apart from fears?

The later war
Rending your heart, that strife in your own house,
Well over, fair Peace having smooth'd your brows,
Let your smile travel to the elder foe;
Nor care to show
 A time-heal'd scar!

Or would you say —
“In our great day of danger and distress
You took the wrongful side”? So! Ne'ertheless
We welcomed unbound Fortune's rolling wheel,
When 'neath your heel
 Rebellion lay.

But did we first
Mistake? I trow not; though, it may be, some
Dealt falsely in our name. Nor were *we* dumb
Whose English justice look'd toward the Slave,
Bidding you brave,
For him, the worst.

I dare to speak
For England, since I saw our workmen starve
By the closed cotton-mills, yet never swerve
From sympathy: ay! they, whom your grief slew,
Still pray'd for you,
Though hunger-weak.

From out the crowd
Of famishing thousands went one only cry:
"God of the Poor! give Right the victory!"
Their fleshless hands held up your cause to bless, —
Their own distress
No grudge allow'd.

So *England* pray'd.
O, the real heart of England judged aright
Your agony: our hope stood through the fight,
Even in the doubtfullest moment, with the North.
Is there no worth
In prayers heart-said?

Yet, this denied
(Truly it cannot be — but say it were),
You in your victory have paused to spare
Your brothers : we are also of your blood, —
Misunderstood,
Not less allied.

Though there were wrong,
And though our old-time fault had borne ill fruit,
Still would I plead 'gainst all that maketh mute
The claim of kindred. Nay ! why should I plead ?
They speak instead
Whose voice is strong.

They plead — your own :
Alfred, to Shakspeare, — Eliot, Hampden, Vane, —
Your Milton, and *your* Cromwell ; with a chain
Of words and deeds they draw you to our side, —
Nor lived and died
For us alone.

They hold our hands,
Bring us together. Can we keep aloof ?
Once did you answer : “ Under heaven’s roof,
Thicker is blood than water ! ” Let it be, —
Not neighbourly,
But brother lands !

Ay! the world through,
Brothers, to lead the onset of the Free.
The heritage that Wickliffe left us we
Bear to mankind, our firm-united strength
Reaching the length
Of False and True.

Brothers! that word
Makes Tyranny weak; Wrong flies, nor looks behind,
Driven as dry leaves before the herald wind
That clears the way for Spring's most gentle flowers.
'O waiting hours!
Your plaint is heard.

Land named of hope!
Our best have hail'd the promise of thy growth;
Surely hath honour's race-ground room for both
America and England, side by side,
Yet leaving pride
Sufficient scope.

New England! ours
Art thou, as England's thine: thy children own
The common parentage. Nor they alone,
But wheresoe'er is heard our English tongue —
World-widely flung
For coming hours.

Be with us then,
Thou greater England! second but in time:
Our age shall welcome our young giant's prime,
As in his sons a father takes delight,
Proud of the height
 Of younger men.

O'erstride our fame!
Step past the extremest stretch of our renown!
Wreath round Columbia's head the laurel crown
Our old heroic worth can well assign!
The crown be thine —
 In England's name!

For we are one, —
In race, in will, in energy the same:
Twin aspirations of one-tongued flame.
England were fain to see you climb beyond
Our hopes most fond,
 And all we have done. —

So would my thought,
Prayerful, prophetic, lark-like soaring, rise
Fluttering its eager wings in farthest skies: —
Weak pinions of desire! ye must descend;
What wish may lend
 The power ye sought?

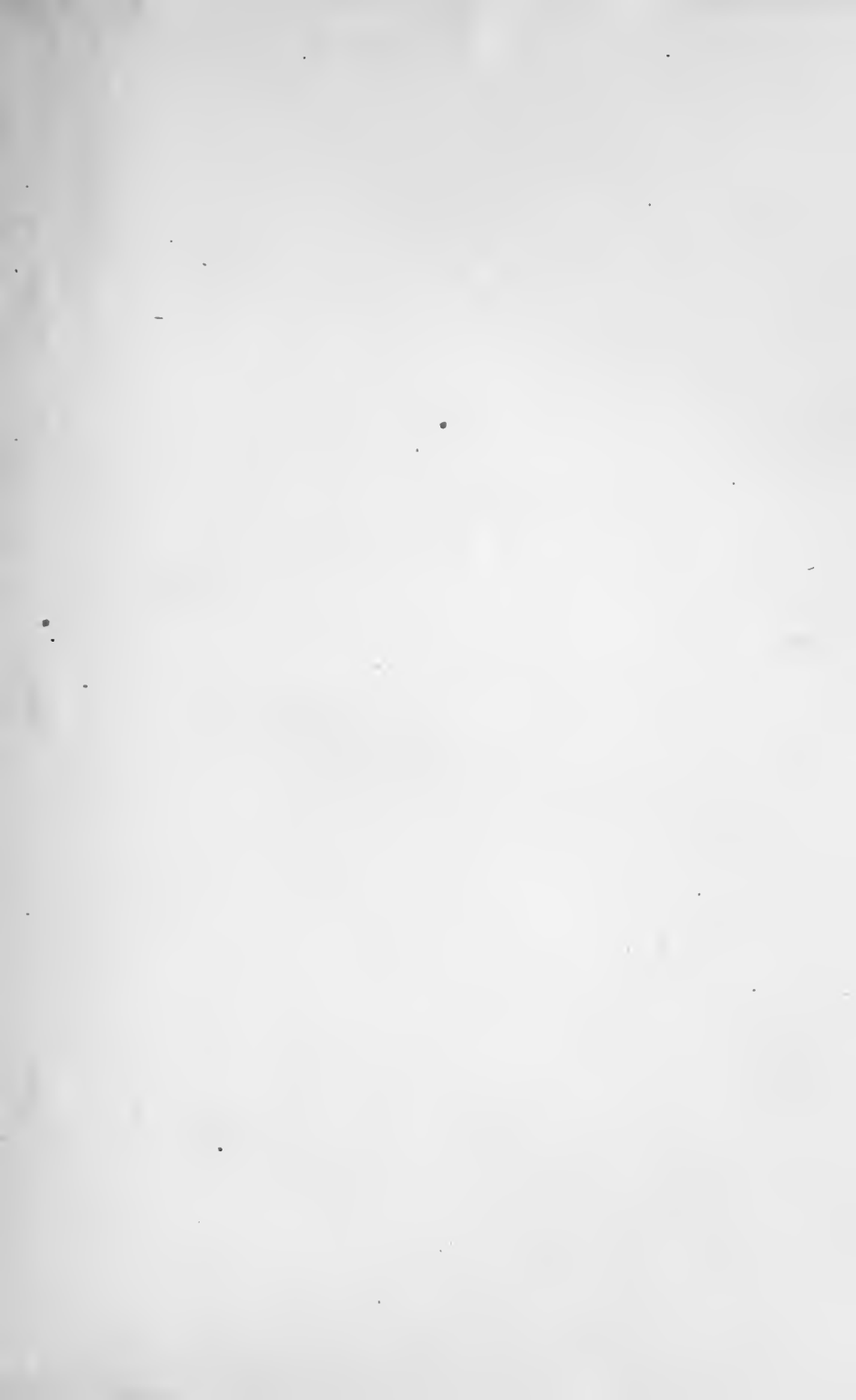
Stay here your course,
Between the sheltering sheaves at Bryant's feet ;
And ask of him, whose song is wisely sweet,
To uplift the theme of these remitted chords
With his own words
Of poet force !

In youthful days,
Across the ocean hearkening to his lyre,
I turn'd from Wordsworth's verse sublime to admire
The Transatlantic Master first discern'd ;
And my soul yearn'd
For Bryant's praise.

To-day I bend
At his high threshold. Might I seek a boon,
I would bespeak his voice to lead the tune
Of ENGLISH FRIENDSHIP. Poet ! Seer ! arise
With prophecies
From friend to friend !









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